

HOPKINS BOUGHT HIS BELL.

HOPKINS had discussed the question of buying a bicycle for more than a year. He had talked the matter over with his family physician, and with other physicians with whom he could obtain a few desultory words of conversation. He had even been known to broach the subject to his mother-in-law, and there were very few things that Hopkins cared to talk over with his mother-in-law. He said in explanation to Greene, who had married his wife's sister, that he liked to get the opinion of everybody in a matter that might affect one's future destiny.

The general opinion in the Hopkins family, and its various branches, was that Hopkins should buy a wheel. Mrs. Hopkins quietly making a mental note to the effect that if Hopkins got one, it would be a question of only a month or so before she would have one. She confided in her mother to this effect, and Hopkins was agreeably surprised, therefore, when his mother-in-law expressed herself warmly in favor of the bicycle proposition.

In the course of two or three months Hopkins had reached the point where he began to think it was time to look about and pick out the bicycle that he wanted. "I believe in going slow," said he to his wife, "in a question of this kind. It is perfect nonsense to expend \$100 and not get the value of your money."

So Hopkins began to hunt the bicycle stores. In a short time there wasn't anything about sprocket wheels, tubing, gears, chains, handle bars, tires, fash joints, steering heads and frame models that Hopkins didn't know.

His knowledge wore on him considerably, for he went to the hardware store to buy a coffee mill for his mother-in-law, and insisted on having it geared up to ninety to keep pace with her tongue. When the plumber came to fix the water pipe in the kitchen Hopkins was considerably put out because he refused to put in D tubing, and he nearly had a riot with the janitor when the latter wouldn't replace the broken rope on the dumb waiter with the latest bicycle chain of steel forged links.

When the minister called Hopkins shocked him by asking him if he thought the ram's horns mentioned in the Bible were similar in shape to those used on the modern bicycle, and he had a pitched battle with the grocer's boy because the latter refused to concede that bell bearing homesees would be a distinct improvement in favor of the horse.

At the office it was just as bad. He persisted in calling the ink wells oil cups, told the office boy that he had elliptical sprockets in his head, and nearly tore his desk down one morning because he discovered an advertisement of a bicycle that his confidential clerk, to whom he entrusted the matter of keeping him posted on bicycle inventions, had missed, somehow, in looking over the newspapers.

The bicycle riding season came and went. Hopkins would stand on the corner by the hour talking with cyclists about their wheels. He displayed a knowledge of bicycles that placed the ordinary rider far in the shade, and they looked upon him as some person who had begun to ride back in the days of the old calvary, and knew everything there was to know about cycling. Hopkins enjoyed it, but meanwhile he was taking notes on the bicycles. He meant to have a good thing when he bought his wheel.

Spring came again. Hopkins remarked to his mother-in-law that it was as well as he had not bought a bicycle last year, because he would have all the advantages of the new models when he came to make his purchase.

"Yes, dear, when?" said Mrs. Hopkins meekly. Hopkins, however, did not design to notice her remark, but continued to read the catalogue of the Neverscorch wheel. The house was filled with catalogues. The office boy decided that he had better not take more than three hundred letters, each enclosing a two-cent stamp for catalogues. In addition to that Hopkins went to get catalogues and Hopkins himself went there three nights and would have gone on the other nights had dinner engagements not prevented.

One pleasant morning Hopkins came into his office, and told the office boy that he could have the afternoon off to go to the ball game, and gave him a quarter to clerk a Saturday vacation and the other clerks that he wouldn't object if they knocked off work an hour earlier while the pleasant weather lasted that day, so they might take advantage of the good cycling. "I'll bet I know what's up," said the office boy, to the confidential clerk. "The old man's got his bike."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said the latter in a whisper. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Hopkins got a telegram which read: "Will be home at dinner early. Have got it, and it is a beauty, Hon."

"Well, he's bought his bicycle at last," said Mrs. Hopkins. "I'm so glad that he will be able to get out of that office once in a while and go to the ball game."

At 7 o'clock Hopkins came bustling into the house. "Put dinner right on," said he. "I'm hungry as a bear. Been out with the riders for the last hour. I suppose you're waiting to see it. Well, it's the best. I've been watching them all the afternoon, and there's none better than mine." Carefully and tenderly Hopkins unwrapped a small package that he took from his pocket, and with his face beaming with pride, removed the box lid and disclosed a bicycle bell.

After he has purchased an air pump, a bicyclist and a repair kit Mrs. Hopkins has hopes of the bicycle.

TEN CENTS FOR THE TALK.
New Schedule of Rates Adopted by a Fly-by-Night Bicycle Repairer.

In the summer time the fly-by-night bicycle repair shops reap the harvest they have sown—especially if the proprietors have hired some small boys "to salt" the roads with tacks.

There is always a winter season to which the wandering repairer must look forward. It is a poor excuse for a repairer who can't lay up enough to have a warm landing place and plenty to eat during the winter months.

Coney Island, the end of the cycle paths, and points along Hudson County Boulevard have been favorite abiding places of the travelling repairers. They pitch their tents to-day and are gone to-morrow.

Recently a cyclist with a punctured tire, as he imagined, and with no repair kit, went into a place near Coney Island and asked the proprietor what he charged for mending a puncture.

"Fifty cents for a plug," said the repairer, "and 15 cents for examination."

The wheel was delivered to the assistant, who carefully examined it, and decided that no puncture existed. He brought it back with the assurance that the tire was all right. The rider took 25 cents out of his pocket and gave it to the proprietor of the establishment who showed no indication of returning any change.

"Well, where's my change?" said the rider. "I gave you a quarter, and you said you only charged 15 cents for examination."

"Sure enough, sure enough," said the proprietor. "It's extra for examination, but no extra 10 cents for talking about it."

STORIES OF THE BOXERS.

THE next pugilistic engagement of importance in this vicinity will be that between Joe Choyinski and Denver Ed Smith, which takes place at the Broadway Athletic Club to-morrow night. The admirers of stuffed glove contests show a disposition to make Choyinski a favorite, probably basing their opinion on the Californian's fine showing against Peter Maher on November 16 last. The meetings of the matched men with Joe Goddard furnish some basis for comparison, although not an entirely satisfactory one.

In 1891 Choyinski had two bouts with Goddard in Australia. Each lasted four rounds, and Choyinski was twice knocked out.

Two years later, at New Orleans, Denver Ed Smith and Goddard met, and the latter was knocked out in the eighteenth round, after a hard battle.

Smith regarded Goddard as an especially easy problem, and so a few months ago the former travelled all the way to South Africa to give the barrier champion another beating. To the surprise of the visitor, he was knocked out in three rounds, and returned to America poorer and somewhat confused as to the future advisability of pushing apparently "good" things.

Judged by his work against Maher, the original bicycle, that did not come out of Noah's ark, because the horses refused to suffer it on board, was enamelled black. Enamelled is another name for japanned, and Japan is the paint that has been used on metal work for years because it attaches itself so readily and is so enduring. It is baked on with heat, so far above in temperature the blood heat mark of the Fahrenheit thermometer that it almost makes one's blood sizzle to think about it. As black had been used on sewing machines and carriage attachments for years the bicycle makers concluded black suited them best. There was another reason, and that was due to the fact that black enamel was better and more enduring.

One day there came an innovation. Some bicycle chap thought a wine-colored frame beat a black frame all hollow for style, and wine color suddenly had a boom. Yellow, blue, green, purple, heliotrope, and

that peculiar composition of colors that makes a bicycle look like an assemblage of sections of bamboo fishing poles, followed in rapid succession.

The adornment of the frame, however, with all the primary, secondary and tertiary tints of the prism was only the beginning. Late in the season of that year an enterprising manufacturing firm decided to color its tires. So it made crimson and greens in addition to the conventional dull gray that is the natural color of unmanufactured rubber. Colored tires made quite a hit with bicycle riders who had colored frames. Revolving circles of crimson and green went clinking about parks and boulevards, a handy and simple test of persons who feared color blindness.

Just then there seemed nothing left to decorate on a bicycle, but that was where the riders reckoned without their host. A prominent manufacturer of wheels happened to think about this time that it would be a great hit to color the inside of the rims of the wheels.

Some of the most common combinations are a black frame and blue rims, black frame and purple rims, black frame and white rims, scarlet frame and white rims, heliotrope frame and black rims, yellow frame and yellow rims, black frame and scarlet rims, maroon frame and white rims, brown frame and yellow rims, olive green frame and white or scarlet rims, white frame and white rims, nickel frame and natural wood rims, bamboo finished frame and green rims, crimson finish throughout, violet finish throughout, and, in fact, almost "any old finish" any one wants.

The action of Solly Smith in collecting forfeit because Martin Flaherty was half a pound overweight in their recent bout at the Broadway A. C. does not reflect much credit on the former. It has been the almost invariable rule in pugilism to give or take two pounds, and it is questionable if any boxer in the past has protected against an overweight less than a pound. While George Dixon has been altogether too generous in the matter of giving away weight, notably his concession of eight pounds to Frank Erne, yet he has set an example that will be followed in a modified degree by other boxers. The efforts of many matchmakers nowadays are directed toward imposing weight conditions calculated to bring an opponent into the ring so weak as to fall on easy terms. Flaherty was so weakened in his efforts to take off flesh that he was ill able to withstand Smith's assaults. On his last bout with Dan Creedon, Charley Strong was so weakened by baths and long runs on the day of the battle that he was unable to make any real distance. It is a boxer cannot reach a certain distance without resorting to weakening methods he should notify the club managers in time and thus avoid all trouble. Better still, a boxer should refuse to place a forfeit binding himself to reduce to a weight he feels he cannot reach.

Much improvement has been made in the conduct of boxing bouts in this neighborhood. The number of each round is now displayed so all the spectators can see it, loud gongs are now used so there is no mistake as to the beginning and ending of rounds, where the boxers could study them at leisure. All the delay and mock ceremony could easily be done away with to the benefit and satisfaction of patrons.

Fitzsimmons and Corbett have combated each other physically and mentally, but the greatest test is still to come. In the matter of punishment Corbett won in the first round, but Fitz wants another chance. The contest took place in Jersey City, and neither is liable to arrest. As to speech-making, Corbett claims a victory, but Fitz says it is a draw. Regarding twenty-four foot ring tactics, Fitz is in possession of the belt.

In the field of dramatic endeavor Corbett claims to be as far superior to Fitz as Booth was to a circus clown. Fitzsimmons is a dramatic talent, and when he goes on the stage, as he surely will, he is quite likely to give the pompous gentleman as great a surprise as he received at Carson. Therefore the dramatic bout between these two prominent citizens will be looked for with decided interest.

Twelve Queer Little Yachts, All Alike.
MONTREAL, May 8.—The Gilbert Boat Company, of Gananoque, is building twelve boats of a curious new class for a club in Buffalo. All the boats are being built on one pattern and will be exactly alike, the idea being to have each man on an equal footing and in this way establish for a certainty who is the best sailor. The class is a special one calling for seventeen feet over all and sixteen feet on the water line. A half-rater now gives the craft an overhanging forward of something over a foot.

The whole boat is to be decked over, with the exception of a cockpit 5 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 4 inches and 15 inches deep. At this point is placed a centre-board of a rather new model. The decking is of pine and the hull of cedar. The latter is put together on what is known as the smooth luteal plan, which insures both non-resistance of the water and

strength. The ribs are of oak and the keel of the best white pine.

Each boat carries 175 square feet of canvas, distributed between a main and mizzen. The former is situated only twelve inches back from the forward stem. The mizzen is placed thirteen feet from the edge of the stem. Between these two, however, there is a third mast stepped so that in heavy weather a perfect balance is secured by shifting the mizzen to this point and taking down the main.

The hull of this craft is on a model which is expected to give very little resistance to the water. The fulcrum is carried back to within a few inches of the stern post. Brass and iron are done away with wherever it is possible, wood being substituted with a view to lightness, and even the rudders are of wood and constructed upon an entirely new plan. The old idea of rudder chains has been abandoned, the new device consisting of a straight bar of hard wood fastened to the rudder by means of a specially designed casting. The new boats are beautiful, and half a dozen have just been finished and shipped to the Toronto Canoe Club.

BICYCLES ARE GAY THIS YEAR.

HOW do you trim your bicycle this year? In the up-to-date, gaudy, Easter bonnet style, or do you ride it in plain black, or half mourning?

It is quite the fashion this season, if you were not aware of it before, to be gay on the road. Not gay with that levity born of too much cork-popping, nor gay because you feel like a two-year-old colt out in pasture and running willy-nilly, regardless of consequences, but gay in a purely decorative spirit.

The original bicycle, that did not come out of Noah's ark, because the horses refused to suffer it on board, was enamelled black. Enamelled is another name for japanned, and Japan is the paint that has been used on metal work for years because it attaches itself so readily and is so enduring. It is baked on with heat, so far above in temperature the blood heat mark of the Fahrenheit thermometer that it almost makes one's blood sizzle to think about it. As black had been used on sewing machines and carriage attachments for years the bicycle makers concluded black suited them best. There was another reason, and that was due to the fact that black enamel was better and more enduring.

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THE BEST OF ALL.
There's the bicycle girl with the Alpine hat.

And the girl with the sailor brim.

There's the girl who rides in a derby crown.

And the one with the cap of a man.

There's the belle who wears a sweeping veil.

And the lass who is clad in tan.

But of all the girls who ride their wheels, The girls who laugh and banter, There's none to me like the merry lass Who wears a Tam o' Shanter.

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CYCLING AND THE EYESIGHT.

DOCTOR," said the Matter of Fact Girl, as she placed her bicycle in the rack by the side of the little wayside inn near the Bronx, "can a person's eyes be injured by riding the bicycle?"

"Now, who has frightened you?" said the Learned Doctor, as he looked up with some surprise. "I supposed you were too practical to be bothered by nonsensical rumors regarding cycling."

"I didn't place much credence in what I heard," said the Matter of Fact Girl, "but I thought I'd ask simply to make sure."

"Somebody can't for the life of me think who it is now," interrupted the Doctor, "but I'll tell you something about eyes being injured by riding steadily against the wind, but I didn't pay much attention to it because—well, because I didn't care."

"I don't believe there is the least danger, young ladies," said the Doctor, "that any of you ever will lose your sight, or any part of it, by riding the bicycle. True, the speed with which you ride is greater than your walking speed. If your eyes happen to be a little weak the tears flow freely from them and stream down your cheeks to your discomfort, but the same result would follow whenever you moved at accelerated speed."

"It looks so horrid, too," exclaimed the Bloomer Girl, "to have great streaks down one's cheeks, where salty but not mourning tears have trickled through the dust of the road."

"Ah, looks, looks," murmured the Learned Doctor to himself, "always and ever the same."

"Well, I guess you'd think of looks," said the Bloomer Girl, with a great show of indignation, "if you had any number of horrid men and critical and cruelizing women to watch you every minute."

"I beg your pardon," said the Learned Doctor, hastily, "I really didn't mean to be spiteful or to say a word that would be construed as having any sarcastic reference to the sex for which I have so much esteem, but it will be a happy day when they can take athletic exercise in the full sense of the word, as men enjoy it, not hampered by too much concern for personal appearance."

"It is very easy to moralize at long range," replied the Bloomer Girl, "and very hard to practise always what you preach."

"True enough," was the reply, "but to go back to the subject of eyes, perhaps I can give you a hint or two in regard to the care of eyes that may save them a little after a long ride. In the first place, if your eyes are very weak, I believe in protecting them with stained glass, especially when riding in the glare of the sun. It is a constant strain to follow the white pavement closely for mile after mile with the sun's rays beating fiercely upon it, and the optical nerve is likely to weary after a few miles. A person with good eyesight is not apt to be troubled much in this respect, for it is not so important that he look at his eyes constantly fixed on the road in front of him. He gets plenty of opportunity to view the scenery and rest the optical nerves and muscles."

"I wonder if I am near-sighted," said the Matter of Fact Girl. "Sometimes my eyes trouble me exactly as you describe."

"Perhaps not near-sighted," said the Learned Doctor, "and very likely with some little weakness that should be properly cared for. But to go further—and this applies to all bicycle riders—at the end of a long ride, or at the end of a short ride, when the wind has been blowing violently, be very careful with the eyes when washing the face. Don't take the ends of your fingers and jab them violently into the corners of the eye, as I have seen many a person do under the impression that the face was being properly cleaned. Every little particle of grit, every tiny speck of sand, every grain of dust, every particle of lime or granite payments, is thus forced into the most delicate part of the eye, where it is pushed back and rubbed around as though the owner was trying to sandpaper the eyeball. If any real harm ever is to emanate to the eyesight from riding the bicycle, that is the method which will bring it about. Take the tips of the fingers, or better still, a soft cloth, or sponge, and wash the eyes most carefully, taking pains to brush away from the eyeball and not toward it. But don't let anybody try to convince you that bicycle riding is a menace to the sight."

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Bicycles. A Simple Tire Repair.

Punctures in the well-known MORGAN AND WRIGHT TIRE are mended about as easily as a man would close a hole in a sheet with a bit of court plaster. Cyclists have evinced the liveliest interest in this simple means of repair, and thousands have called on No. 4 Murray St. during the last few days to learn how it is done.

Go there and see it yourself and then banish fear of future punctures, providing you ride M. & W. tires on your wheel.

Inside of the inner tube of the tire lies a long strip of patching rubber, like this:



By injecting M. & W. quick-repair cement through the puncture into this inner tube, and then pressing down on the tire with the thumb, like this:



Very simple, but—now every rider should remember these two things, or he will fail! Before injecting cement, pump up the tire. If you don't, the inner tube will be flabby, like this:



and the cement will not get inside of it, where the repair strip lies.

After the tire has been repaired, and inflated ready for riding, if it still leaks don't stick the injector into the squandering again, because that will puncture the repair strip itself, and you will have to pull out the inner tube and make an old-fashioned repair by putting a patch of rubber on the outside of the inner tube, or take it to Morgan & Wright's free repair shop at No. 107 Chambers St.

TO BE IN IT, GET THE M. & W. '97 Cycle Lamp



THE ONLY AUTOMATIC WICK LOCK
Push the button, turn and a wick will go the wick is locked automatically.

A Gale won't Blow it Out, Rough Roads don't Phase it—Don't Smoke! Lights the Road for 300 feet, Easiest to Clean.

If not sold by your dealer, don't take substitute, we will send on receipt of \$8.00, express paid.

MATTHEWS & WILLARD MFG. COMPANY,
40 Murray St., N. Y. Factories: Waterbury, Conn.

TOURIST \$100 STEARNS
In exchange we make Liberal Allowances On Your '94, '95 or '96 Wheel. Any Make.

TINKHAM CYCLE CO.,
306-310 West 59th St.

LADIES' CYCLES, \$34.95.
500 new 100 Cycles, no color pins, very large hubs, cyclone tires, no chains, withhold.

MEN'S TRIUMPHS, \$29.75.
Feetless Mfg Co., makes our cheap at \$35.

500 OTHERS, \$25 to \$35.
Lamps, nice \$3 kind; nickel and keroseene, 75c, and \$1.00.

Cyclometers, \$1.00.
Bells 15c, 20c, 30c; Foot Pumps, 37c; Saddles, 75c to \$1.50 (best \$2.50 to \$5); Tires, 25c; Chain, 10c; 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Consolidated Cycle Co.,
117 Chambers St., Near L. Station.

5,000 Cycles Slaughtered.
\$10, \$24.00, \$29, \$35, \$45.

All new. Such makes as Coltons, Rubys, Ramblers, Libertas, Kingtons, Syracuse (Crimson), and many others. Also 500 37 models, tube tires, \$2 each; Banner Lamps, \$1.85; Goldie, 35c; Columbia, 50c; World, \$1.25; Climax, 35c; Black Hinged Saddle, \$1.25; Bells, 15c, 20c, 30c; Lamp Brackets, 5c and 10c; Repair Kits, 5c, 10c; Toe Clips, 10c, 20c.

Willis' Park Row B. Co.,
Opp. Post Office.

GUARANTEE BICYCLE CO.
Will sell you any wheel fully guaranteed at \$2. Per Week \$2.

KEPT IN REPAIR. Apply at following places: Murray Hill, 100, 104 E. 84th St.; Open 48 Third Ave., near 94th St.; From Everett Hall, 31-35 E. 4th St. (8 a.m. to 10 p.m.); Barnard Cycle Co., 55 Lexington Ave. (10 p.m. to 11 p.m.).

BICYCLES, 61% DISCOUNT.
New Ramblers, \$30; Reg. \$100 List.
New 96 Libertas, \$45; Reg. \$100 List.
New 96 Kingtons, \$35; Reg. \$70 List.
New 96 Herald, \$20; Reg. \$90 List.
New 96 Syracuse, \$45; Reg. \$100 List